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Distant shadows



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Chapter 1 by The Lost Disciple of Kanembu

The grey of the clouds was a perfect show of their neutrality to the suffering of the world below. It rained heavily on the survivors, so few we were. I looked to Jessica and smiled. She in turn looked back with her cold lifeless eyes, grey like the clouds. She couldn't smile because the dead know no humor. I walked over to her corpse and retrieved my blade now colored in the red of her blood. I sate my conscience with the thought that this was all a dream, which it was except it wasn't...

Chapter 2 by nwadialor stephen obie



The rain drenched the bodies lifeless that even those who survived felt death from every drop of the icy rain. Jessica was dead and gone and if this ends up being real, I was determined not to die before I had the to atone for my since. But first, the item of the day was to survive. I looked to the rest of the group as they gathered what little supplies we had left.

'It would be best to find shelter' I said, pointing toward the trees.

Chapter 3 by Captain



We walked towards the grove, slapping our tired feet on the muddy grass. Water squirted out

from under my feet. All of us looked down to the ground, the rain slapping down on our necks

and sliding down drenching our hair. We were in a matter of minutes but to the boy and mind it seemed like hours.

Red got out the tarp and laid it on the ground. We all, exhausted sank

took the rocks out from under the tarp and laid a blanket on the ground. We all, exhausted sank

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to the ground. slowly one by one we fell asleep, leaving no one on watch. That was our first mistake.

Chapter 4 by The Lost Disciple of Kanembu



I heard it first but it was far too late. I awoke to see five mauled bodies on the floor. They were ravaged by a monster as silent as a gentle wind but as vicious as death itself. The sound that woke me up was a menacing and subtle growl as it disappeared in the cover of night. We were all accounted for, all but Red. We searched for him following a trail of blood leaving our camp, praying to find him still hanging on to life. We found him and like his name he was covered in red, blood. But it was not his, for Red had slain the beast. We were far too naive to notice that...

Chapter 5 by Livvy Kate



If we had noticed that, maybe I wouldn't be the only one left.

We had taken him back to camp and tried to heal his fake wounds. I was keeping watch while the others healed him. After a while, I had heard a loud scream from one of the others working on him. Gun in hand, I ran to the tent. But it didn't make a difference.

He tricked us. He tricked all of us before leaving, taking all of our supplies, and letting me deal with the dead bodies.

I grabbed what little supplies I had left and began walking. It was the only thing I could do now. I touched the blade gently as I walked, trying to drown out the screams I had heard earlier today.

It hurt and it was terrible that I was the last one alive.

The monsters had only invaded a week ago. The virus only started effecting some people a week ago. Everything only started a week ago...but a week is all the time the monsters needed.

You're either transformed into their homicidal slave or you die. There is no in between. That's what I thought before Red had done that, since he had killed one of the monsters and the rest of

the group.

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It doesn't make sense. But it doesn't matter. I'm dead and have never coming back.

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I walk into a new ghost town, a new abandoned place where nothing happens. It's not empty, though. The bar is lively with people trying to drink the pain away until they die just hoping

they'll barely be aware when they die.

Then there are the people hiding in their homes, crying their eyes out as they tried to process what was happening.

But then there was the person sitting outside the old, broken police station. I hesitate before walking up to him. His hair was shaggy while his old uniform was old and falling apart.

"What's a pretty girl like you doing in a town like this?" he asks with a southern drawl.

"I'm looking for supplies. I've got money and...a somewhat insane mind."

He chuckled, his old eyes showing amusement. "Is that so? Well, you gon' need a rifle then, sweetheart. And some more food. After all, most of us either got what we need already or are dead, so at the moment there's plenty of supplies."

"How much money do you want?"

"You don't have to pay as long as you take me with you."

I grumble. "It's too risky..."

"Sweetheart, you gon' die if you go out there. Trust me on this, you need to take me with you."

I consider it a moment before nodding slowly. "Fine then."

He chuckles and stands up. "Alright then, little missy. Let me go get the shotguns."

Little did I know that partnership would be my greatest decision and greatest mistake.

Chapter 6 by Livvy Kate



We were walking early in the morning, leaving the humble town behind.

He didn't know my name and I didn't know his, making the partnership not at all personal at the time. It makes it easier in case of

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He didn't say much as we walked. The air was empty and cold today, not much to talk about at all. I'm scared about this when he looks at me and clears his throat.

"So, little missy, got any family?"

"No, sir. They're all...gone."

"By the monsters?"

"No...the only family I had died in a car accident."

"Shame...my family left me behind. My wife, my kids, and now probably my grandkids. They're all dead by the looks of the world right now."

"...why did your family leave?"

"Don't know, kid."

I look in front of me now, trying to focus on the leafless trees scattered about our path. I sigh a little, prompting the man to let out a laugh.

"Tired or bored?"

"...both."

"You should never be bored on a trip like this, kid. Anything could happen at any time."

"Right..."

"Just makin' sure ya know."

"...could you stop calling me a kid? I'm nineteen."

"Does it matter?"

"...I guess not. It was just annoying me."

"Does it look like I care?"

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I glare a little. "No. And I don't care either."

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The both of us are silent after that, walking through the deserted lands when we heard more screams. My heart was telling me to go help, but my head knew better. If I helped, I'd die.

"How old are you?" I ask randomly.

He chuckles a little. "I'm pushing sixty right now."

"Sixty? You look...younger than that."

"Looks can deceive ya, missy."

"Yeah, I know..." The tears in the corners of my eyes are faint and quickly disappear, but he sees them anyways.

"Who killed your group?"

I blink a tear away before saying, "Red...he's been my friend since we were kids...and to see him do that..."

"I hear ya. I had to kill one of my own the other day. My deputy, in fact. Never actually knew her name to be honest."

"Yeah...how do you cope with all this...death?"

"I don't know. You got any ideas?"

"Not really..."

He gives a small grin before a loud noise rings out. We look at each other before looking up. It's about to rain.

Now when it rains, it brings a monster into the light. The monster will tear us to shreds if we don't find a cave.

The man and I run into the small cave made by a few rocks. It's not the largest, but it's the perfect size for right now. We run into it and hold our breaths, hoping it'll leave us alone. The

man looks at me and I look at him.

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What's going to happen to me and the others are going through my mind as I reload my shotgun.

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